THE HAZEL GREEN HERALD.

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THE REASON?

Why do I love you?
Well, I'd like to know,
'Tis just that query
That does vex *me* so.

That you are fair,
None can deny,
But so are others—
That's not why.

Your voice is thrilling,
Your eyes are blue,
You play divinely,
But others do, too.

Your laugh is music;
Gayly you chat;
You flirt like the mischief—
Sure 'tis not *that*.

"Well, then, what is it?"
Impatient you sigh,
Because, dear—*I love you,*
That is *just* why.

—*Philadelphia News.*

A SATISFIED MAN.

The Chinaman Polliwog and His Queer "Notion."

It was warm weather, and little Opening Olive was sick. His grandmother said he was feeling his teeth, and the learned Dr. Ho Hum said: "His febrile condition is occasioned by an absence of the moisture necessary to maintain the nicely-adjusted equilibrium of nature in the vital functions of his physical cosmos. Take him, without delay, to the cool retreat of Bubbling fountain." When Filootsi, Opening Olive's father, heard this learned speech, he gave orders that his family should get ready to start down the Min without delay. "Ah," said he, sorrowfully, is Sing Fu, his oldest son, a fine lad of ten or thereabouts, "of what avail is it to be Viceroy of Fuh-kien and Che-kian if I can not save my baby from disease and death?" But the Viceroy's position did do something for the baby; for, that very afternoon, Se-ma, the venerable poet, sent Filootsi an invitation to make his delightful country house his own: and this courtesy he would not have extended to any one else.

Bubbling fountain is a spring upon the Drum mountain, which, as perhaps you know, overlooks the beautiful Min, the Hudson of China, and Se-ma's house was the most beautiful and well appointed there. His invitation was at once accepted, and early in the morning the family left Fuh Chau. Opening Olive went with his mamma in a palanquin, and after them came his grandmother also in a palanquin. His grandfather, who was unhappy when separated from his wife, followed in a sedan chair, and after him came the nurses and maid servants in odd wheelbarrows provided with sails. The family doctor was borne in front of Opening Olive in a sedan chair, and before him went Sing Fu and his tutor, Shing Te, on horseback; so you see it was a long procession, though the Viceroy could not accompany it. Banyan trees shut in the grounds that surrounded Se-ma's house, save just in front of it. There was a wide view of the beautiful valley, with its green rice fields, and apricot orchards and the shining river.

Se-ma and his two grandsons welcomed the gentlemen at the front door, and his pretty daughter welcomed the ladies at the side verandah. Sing Fu, his grandfather, and his tutor, were led into a small sitting-room. But a great round doorway led into a second apartment, and as the crimson curtain was swung one side, there was a delightful impression of space and coolness. Around the circular doorway was this sentence, in golden letters: "Vast chasms may be filled, but the heart of man is never satisfied."

Tea was brought in, and circular trays, which were divided into little boxes, in which were different kinds of candied fruits, which the boys and the grandfather enjoyed, but at which Se-ma and Shing-Te could only look.

"Ah," said the old poet, lifting his teacup while Shing-Te lifted his—for people drink tea together, sipping in concert in China—"a scholar must always remember that his stomach can ruin his brain; he must minister to the higher wants, and let the lower starve."

"Well, well, distinguished sage," cried the grandfather, "What's a man who eats nothing? He dies soon, let me tell you. As for me, I hate a nibbler. Give me a man who is solid on his legs. Good brains in a weakly body are like a cart without wheels."

And the boys, fearing, perhaps, to have weakly bodies, fell at the sweets with such zest they had the trays empty in a twinkling.

The next morning Sing Fu was awakened by the songs of innumerable birds. Swallows twittered, thrushes whistled and larks warbled; and as he opened his eyes he saw, just opposite his bed, a pretty picture of a little house, with trees, and fields, and men at work, all made out of the tiny, shining feathers of the king-fisher. He heard his grandfather go by, whispering to his parrot, and, after rubbing his eyes and stretching himself to make himself grow, he soon slipped out to join him. But there were twenty acres of garden; Sing Fu's attention was distracted and the grandfather was not in sight. The paths were full of quaint mosaics made of shells and colored pebbles. At some distance from the house was a large pond, fed by three mountain brooks, which had been led into it. Nearly half of its surface was covered with the lotus, and the large, tulip-like flowers were just opening.

On went Sing Fu from one delightful surprise to another, and he soon found that, on the further side of the pond, there were a carefully constructed series of dams, which let the water into another pond, where swans sailed; and on the pebbly beach was a pretty boat. When he reached the second pond the swans came up, expecting cake; but, getting none, they hissed at him spitefully, and sailed away. Sing Fu then climbed into the boat, after pushing it almost into the water, for he thought he could overtake them. But there was a strong bamboo rope securely tied to the stern, and to a dragon tree not far away; and after he had rocked the boat into deep water it stopped.

"If I can't catch those hissing swans, I might catch a fish. If I had a fish-hook," thought Sing Fu.

He had fished in the fountain behind his father's house, but never with a real hook; for the golden carp in it were too pretty to be eaten.

"Oh!" he sighed. "I've only played at fishing. Here are real fish that may be caught, but I've no line or hook. That's the way things go, somehow."

For there was an old man whose business it was to look after the ponds, and who was called the Polliwog, he was so short and fat, and just at this moment he came waddling down the terraces, looking very cool in his short, blue cotton trousers, blue cotton shirt and wide bamboo hat. In his hand was some fishing tackle, and he cried out politely: "Ah my honored young gentleman, do you want to fish?"

"My! Yes!" answered Sing Fu, starting up.

"You can fish here any time for the asking," said the Polliwog, untying the bamboo rope, and drawing the boat to the shore that he might scramble into it. "I suppose any thing worth having is worth that trouble." When he had paddled to the middle of the pond, he took from his pockets lines and hooks and a hollow bamboo about ten inches long, which was full of bait. "There's more in fishing than holding a line," he said, as he set a hook for Sing Fu. "It's like many another great thing in this world, made up of little things that some men can never learn the trick of. Now drop this into the water, and we'll be as still as birds at noon."

"It's as black as ink just now," said Sing Fu, rising and looking over the boat. "I don't see any thing."

"That's because it is deep. Now sit down, my honored young gentleman."

"You have no right to command me," cried Sing Fu, with the quick vexation of an empty stomach.

"I have," said the old man calmly. "I have the right of age and experience. And if you do not sit down, we will go to the shore in an instant.

Down went Sing Fu, feeling very uncomfortable. He had been brought up to be always polite to all old people. But he soon forgot every thing in his desire for a bite.

"My! How I do want a bite!" he cried, after a few seconds. "There's no fun in just holding a string."

"Have patience. Holding a string is part of it," said the Polliwog, wiping his forehead with his sleeve. "Think how long it takes to do any thing well. Besides, you have forgotten to keep still."

"I wish you'd let me manage the oar. I'd rather learn to make a boat than to fish."

"By no means," said the Polliwog, who was sculling. "You are only a child."

"I'm going on eleven," cried Sing Fu, at which the Polliwog laughed in a way more provoking than words.

The Polliwog, as any one could see, was a great eater, and a vast stomach often goes with a dull head. He dearly loved to sleep, and after he had pulled the boat into the best spot to fish, he began to doze. Sing Fu, watching for fish, leaned far out over the stern. His papa was coming that day, and how proud he would be to see him eating a fish he had caught. The little boat was somewhat like a punt, and could not be tipped easily; but the fat Polliwog did not sit in the middle. Sing Fu was very solid; and so, when he leaned far out on the Polliwog's side, the boat gave a sudden lurch, and in a moment he was going down—down: and that is all he remembered, when he awoke long after, to see the family doctor and Shing Te bending over him.

The first morning he was well enough Sing Fu went out to see the Polliwog.

"My father is, as you know, the Viceroy," he said, kindly, "and he has bidden me say to you to make a wish. Let it be for the thing you most desire, no matter how costly, and your wish shall be granted."

"But—I wish for nothing," said the old man, quite bewildered."

"For nothing!" echoed Sing Fu. "Why I wish every day of my life for a thousand things."

"How unfortunate! As for me I want nothing," said the Polliwog, gravely. "But since you speak of it, I have a chilly neighbor—and I've sometimes thought—"

"Well?"

"That I should be happy if I could buy him a wadded sack for winter."

"You shall buy him one; but for yourself?"

"As I have told you, honored sir, I want nothing. I have a house to myself, two sons, a good wife and rice for all. Besides, my school-master told me, years ago, that if I indulged a want after I possessed what is necessary, want would destroy me."

"Honorable poet, what kind of a man is the Polliwig?" asked Sing Fu, that evening of his host.

"The happiest and richest man I have ever seen, replied Se-ma. "Several years ago he fell while repairing one of the dams, and his head was injured. The common people call him a fool since then, but I think him a philosopher."—*Elizabeth Cumings, in N. Y. Independent.*

AN UNPLEASANT DUTY.

Scotch Soldiers Who Have to Proclaim a Warning Against Themselves.

Almost the first duty of a new regiment stationed in Edinburgh Castle is its only unpleasant one. Immediately it gets into its quarters at the Castle it has to dispatch a representative body through the oldest streets to cry out at the top of their voices that the citizens must be wary of the soldiers beguiling ways. This is called "crying down the credit of the regiment," and the ceremony has just been performed by the Seaforth Highlanders. One Monday forenoon a detachment of these, accompanied by a drum-major, paraded High street and neighborhood to discharge what must be described as this unpleasant duty. It consists of a proclamation to all whom it may concern, that any one who is so foolish as to supply the soldiers with goods on credit to the amount of more than a single day's pay does so at his own risk. At her own risk, it might be said, for, owing to some reason unknown, it is understood that the proclamation is specially addressed to shopkeepers of the softer sex.—*St. James Gazette.*

STRANGE PHENOMENA.

The Temperature Upon Fishes and Upon Men.

A curious phenomenon is reported from Smyrna, Florida, as occurring during the recent cold wave which destroyed mangroves and oranges to an almost unprecedented extent. People are said to have picked up quantities of fish that were either dead or so stupefied by the cold as to float helplessly. It would be interesting to know whether these fish were really dead or only lying in a state of torpor. However this may be, the occurrence suggests some inquiries upon the effect of temperature upon fishes in their native element.

A little reflection leads to the conclusion that, although the changes in the temperature of large bodies of water are never so rapid or so wide in their range as the changes of the temperature in the air over them, the effect of such changes in abstracting heat from or imparting heat to living or inanimate bodies must be far greater in water than in air.

The specific heat of air is only 0.238 that of water, and a pint of water weighs nearly as much as 13 cubic feet of air at ordinary density. Hence a change of one degree in the temperature of a pint of water represents as great an actual heat change as a change of one degree in about 5 cubic feet of air. Both bodies impart heat by contact in the same manner, but by the immensely larger volume capacity of water for heat than that possessed by air, the effect of contact is very much more intense for a given difference of temperature with water than with air. Men or animals can pass from air at a temperature of 90 deg. Fah. into a body of air even below the freezing point and remain for short periods without feeling even discomfort. This is done almost hourly in large breweries employing powerful refrigerating apparatus, and in large meat refrigerating establishments, wherein the temperature is maintained below 40 deg. Fah.; and the writer has often, without even a coat, passed from a temperature of over 80 deg. Fah. into a room where water was rapidly freezing, and the temperature was not more than 16 deg. Fah. It is highly probable that to enter water at 32 deg. from a temperature of 80 deg. or 90 deg. would either produce death or serious disorder to most kinds of warm-blooded animals. The shock is quite severe, in very warm weather, from a plunge into water at 60 deg. A gradual change would, of course, be less severely felt, but a plunge from air at 20 deg. Fah. into water at 32 deg. Fah. by a person having on the ordinary clothing, and, for that reason having the surface of the body not cooler than 50 deg. Fah., would be more than any weak constitution could sustain without serious injury or even danger.

Changes in the temperature of water in large masses, resulting from changes in the temperature of the atmosphere, are, from the nature of the two substances, very gradual, no matter how violent the atmospheric change. It seems, then, somewhat remarkable that during the cold experienced in Florida fishes should be killed. It is, however, to be remembered that these fishes are living substantially in tropical waters, and that ice formed during the cold wave, in small bodies of water, an inch in thickness. The temperature of the water from which the fishes were picked up must, therefore, have approached quite closely to the freezing point, and there are many tropical fishes and marine animals that would soon die when exposed to such a temperature.—*Scientific American.*

A LAWYER'S START.

How a Dead Cat Brought Him Both Fame and Fortune.

The narrator is prominent in his profession here, and had attained a high position in the East before seeking the West as far back as 1852. His gray hairs and long connect with dusty propositions have not quenched his love for a joke, and his keen eyes twinkled as merrily as those of his auditors while he was unreeling his yarn.

"I learned my trade," he began, "in a little New York village, but manifested no particular aptness for the law, and barely scratched through my examination. My shingle was not honored with a call for many long weeks, and when I did get one it was from a member of my own family. One of my brothers, Frank, had a craze for poultry, and raised fancy breeds with great success until an old maid moved into the adjoining house, and her predatory cat began to decimate his costly chicks at a fearful rate. Frank remonstrated, but in vain, and finally, made desperate by the loss of nearly an entire hatching, he poisoned the cat. The old vinegar-faced female that owned the Thomas feline raised a fearful row over her pet's death, and as Frank was rather loud in congratulating himself on getting rid of the chicken destroyer, she had little trouble in tracing the cat's fatal illness. There was only one way to reach Frank in law to her mind, and that was by criminal prosecution, and she, accordingly caused his arrest on a charge of indictable misdemeanor, brought under a section of the penal code similar to the one in this State that provides that a person found guilty of 'administering poison to an animal the property of another' shall be punished by fine up to five hundred dollars or to imprisonment up to six months, or both. Well, the case looked black. The cat was certainly an animal, and Frank had freely admitted administering the fatal dose.

"Nobody disputed the right of the cat's owner to prosecute, and I counted the pages of every statute book in the town, hardly knowing what I sought. Finally a paragraph was found, setting forth that an animal, to be property, must have a valuation fixed by law. Turning to the ratings of animals in the section on the larceny of live stock I found that dogs were worth a dollar in law, sheep and pigs a little more, and horses, cows, etc., sufficient to make a theft of them grand larceny, but not a word was said about cats. An idea struck me, and I braced up my miserable brother by telling him that I could easily wipe out the foul accusation that besmeared his fair fame, and we went into court. The old girl didn't shed a tear, but she swore very stoutly against Frank, and then introduced all the people who had heard Frank's confession as witnesses. Then I introduced my demurrer. 'Your honor,' I said, 'this complaint charges the defendant with poisoning an animal, the property of another,' and I quoted the section on which the accusation was based. 'Cats, sir,' I went on, 'have no value in law, and therefore can not be property. I move for a dismissal on this ground.'

"Frank was acquitted on the spot, and one of the best lawyers in New York city, who was present, was so struck by the plea that he offered me a place in his office. Under his tuition I soon began to appreciate my profession, and his help started me to the front at a rapid rate."—*Atta Californiæ.*

BASHFUL YOUTHS.

The Experience of One of the Most Elegant Men of His Day.

As a general thing young ladies are much more self-possessed when they first go into society than young gentlemen, and while the girl of sixteen is helped out by the kindness of older women and the attention men always pay to "the rosebuds" if they are pretty or pleasing, the boy of eighteen or nineteen is left to do the best he can for himself, and if he is modest, well-bred and not conceited, he often retires from society after a few brief plunges into it, with feeling that he is not wanted there and will never be fitted for it. Yet, after all, hollow as society is, in many professions it is necessary for a young man to hold his own and appear well on social occasions.

It is also a relief to any one whose feelings are strong and who is apt to grow melancholy in solitude to have "some where to go." I presume many originally able men who have become oddities, and grown careless in their habits and offensive in their manners, might have been comfortable and well liked if they had taken a little pains to know a few people, and to be sought at least in some small circles of society.

Long ago Lord Chesterfield said to his son: "Your figure is like other people's; I hope you will take care to dress so, too. Why then should you be ashamed? Why not go into mixed company as freely as into your own room?" And he adds:

"I remember that when, with all the awkwardness of college about me, I was first introduced into good company, I was frightened out of my wits. If I saw people whisper I was sure it was about me, and thought myself the object of the censure or ridicule of the whole company, who Heaven knows, did not trouble themselves about me. In this way I suffered martyrdom, and should certainly have renounced polite society forever if I had not been absolutely convinced of the necessity of forming my manners. I remember at last gaining intrepidity enough to go up to a fine woman and tell her that I thought it was a warm day. She answered me very civilly that she thought so, too; upon which the conversation on my part ceased, until she remarked, good-naturedly resuming it: 'I see your embarrassment, and I am sure the few words you said to me cost you a good deal; but do not be discouraged. All you want is manner, and you do not want that as much as you think you do.'"

Lord Chesterfield was supposed to be one of the most elegant men of his day; and the bashful boy who made an effort to say, "It is a warm day, madam," to a lady, became Ambassador to the Hague, Viceroy to Ireland, Secretary of State, and member of the cabinet. He had all the elements of social success within him, and yet, no doubt, he might have gone to the wall but for that determination to form his manners in good society. And what was said so many years ago to a bashful English youth, a bashful boy of any nation may read with benefit: "Do not be discouraged. All you want is manner, and you do not want that as much as you think you do."—*N. Y. Ledger.*

THE FUTURE FUEL.

A Combination of Gas and Glass Which will Displace Ashes and Kindling-Wood.

The house of the near future will have no fireplace, steam pipes, chimneys or flues. Wood, coal oil and other forms of fuel are about to disappear altogether in places having factories. Gas has become so cheap that already it is supplanting fuels. A single jet fairly heats a small room in cold weather. A New York artist has produced a simple design for heating entirely by gas at a nominal expense. It is a well-known fact that gas throws off no smoke, soot or dirt. The artist filled a brazier with chunks of colored glass, and placed several jets beneath. The glass soon became heated sufficiently to thoroughly warm a room 10x30 feet in size. This design does away with the necessity for chimneys, since there is no smoke; the ventilation may be had at the window. The heat may be raised or lowered by simply regulating the flow of gas. The colored glass gives all the appearance of fire; there are black pieces to represent coal, red chunks for flames, yellowish white glass for white heat, blue glass for blue flames, and hues for all the remaining colors of spectrum. Invention already is displacing the present fuels for furnaces and cooking ranges, and glass is doing away with delay and such disagreeable objects as ashes, kindling wood, etc.—*Boston Journal of Commerce.*

Would Save Trouble.

A prominent citizen was seen digging a large hole in his front yard.

"What are you doing?" some one asked.

"Making a pond."

"What, a pond in your front yard? What do you mean?"

"I am doing it as an accommodation. It was so much trouble for the boy who carries papers to throw them in a little puddle during wet weather that I concluded to make a pond for him. He is a gentlemanly fellow, and I want to assist him all I can. This pond will save him much trouble."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

WOMEN AND BIRDS.

A Cruel Fashion Which is Unworthy of American Women.

Women were once taunted with their devotion to their canaries. A more serious accusation can now be brought against them. The alarming decrease of American song and shore birds has been deplored by lovers of nature for many years. It has been due in part to unavoidable causes, such as the drainage of marshes, the conversion of woodlands into farms, the destruction of forests and rapid settlement of the country; but a much larger share of the extermination of bird-life is directly attributable to feminine folly. An interesting and valuable supplement of *Science* discloses the magnitude of the evil and suggests legislative remedies. It is plain, however, that the friends of the birds can not hope to accomplish their purpose by means of legislation unless they can appeal successfully to public sentiment for adequate support and encouragement. Singularly enough, they must begin by declaring war upon modern fashions and enlisting the sympathies of sensible American women. Wanton and improvident as is the destruction of birds for sport, food and scientific and amateur collections, the slaughter is mainly conducted for the millinery trade.

Some of the details of this wholesale sacrifice of bird-life on the altar of fashion are of startling significance. At Cape Cod 40,000 terns have been killed in the season by a single agent of the hat trade. At Cobb's Island, on the Virginia coast, an enterprising business woman of New York has recently succeeded in filling a contract with a Paris millinery firm for 40,000 bird-skins of gulls, sea-swallows and terns, at 40 cents apiece. The demand for egret and heron plumes has extended the line of slaughter from Florida all along the Gulf coast. In Texas sportsmen receive orders from New York for the plumes of white egrets in lots of 10,000. The prairies and mountain vales of the far West are scoured for birds of small sizes and every variety of plumage, and from the Pacific coast hundreds of thousands of bird-skins are shipped annually. Nearer home the coast line of Long Island, once one of the favorite haunts of sea-birds, has been the scene of indiscriminate butchery. Terns and sea-swallows have well-nigh disappeared from the marshes between Coney Island and Fire Island, which ten years ago were their breeding-ground. At Seaford, Moriches, Greenport and many other towns the slaughter of birds for the millinery trade is a lucrative means of livelihood, and the New Jersey coast is ravaged in the most merciless manner. The land-birds suffer in the same way. Robins, gold-winged woodpeckers, humming-birds, thrushes, orioles, cedar wax-wings, blue-birds and meadow larks are shot by the thousand and the skins and plumage sent to the shops to be used in frivolous ornithological displays in female head-dress.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

THE HUMAN VOICE.

Its Infallible Indication of the State of a Speaker's Mind.

Nothing betrays so much as the voice save perhaps the eyes, but they can be lowered, and so far the expression hidden. In moments of emotion no skill can hide the fact of disturbed feeling, though a strong will and habit of self-control can steady the voice when else it would be failing and tremulous. Certain voices grate on the nerves and set our teeth on edge, and others are just as calming as they are irritating, quieting, or like a composing draught. A good voice, calm in tone and musical in quality is one of the essentials for a physician—the "bed-side voice," which is nothing if it is not sympathetic by constitution. Whatever its original quality may be, the orator's voice bears the unmistakable stamp of art and becomes artificial; as such it may be admirable—telling in a crowd, impressive in address, but overwhelming and chilling at home, partially because it is always conscious and never self-forgetting. An orator's voice, with its careful intonations and accurate accent, would be as much out of place beside a sick bed as a brocaded silk for a kitchen girl. The voice is much more indicative of the state of the mind than many people know or allow. One of the first symptoms of failing brain power is indistinct and confused utterance; no idiot has a clear or melodious voice; the harsh scream of mania is proverbial, and no person of prompt and decisive thought was ever known to hesitate and stutter. A thick, loose, fluffy voice does not belong to the crisp character of mind which does the most active work, and when a keen-witted man drawls and lets his words drop instead of bringing them out in the sharp incisive way that ought to be natural to him, there is a flaw somewhere.—*Chicago Sun.*

Solid Concrete.

A kind of concrete, hard and solid, is now being used for building purposes in Paris. It is composed of eight parts of sand, gravel and pebbles; one part of common earth, burnt and powdered; one part powdered cinders, and one and a half parts unslacked hydraulic lime. These materials are thoroughly beaten up together, their mixture giving a concrete which sets almost immediately, and becomes in a few days extremely hard and solid, which property may be still further increased by the addition of a small quantity, say one part, of cement. Among other constructions to which this material has been applied is a house three stories in height, 65 by 45 feet, standing on a terrace, having a perpendicular retaining wall 200 feet in length and 20 feet high. Every part of this structure was made of the hard concrete, including foundations, vaults of cellars, retaining wall, and all walls, exterior and interior, as well as the cornice work, moulding, string courses, balustrades, parapets, and the building is without band iron, lintels or wood throughout.—*N. Y. Sun.*

PITH AND POINT.

—A man never fully realizes how insignificant he is until he attempts to describe to his wife the dress worn by another lady.—*N. Y. Journal.*

—A Kansas man "points with pride" to the fact that his wife has worn and bonnet for twenty-five years. The feeling with which the wife points to the husband has not been described.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—He—Speaking of their marriage, I think they both made a very good match. She—How can you say so? Why, she's brimstone personified, and he's a perfect stick, precisely the essentials to a good match.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle.*

—About sixty patents are issued to women every year in the United States. Anybody who will notice what curious contrivances the dear creatures put upon their heads and bodies need not be told that woman is an inventive animal.—*Boston Transcript.*

—"Robby," whispered young Father early, "did your sister Sadie get a note from me last night? It was written on pink paper." "I guess she must have got it," said Robby, "cause when she came down to breakfast this morning her hair was done up in pink curl-papers."—*Boston Post.*

—"Then you are studying music this year, are you?" inquired a young lady of her friend. "How do you enjoy it?" "O, it is delightful. I have such fun practicing. I nearly drive Aunt Jane crazy. Mother goes on neighboring and I have the house all to myself. Come down and hear me practice some day." "O, dear, no, thank you. The doctor says I must avoid all unpleasant things."—*Toledo Blade.*

—"I never saw such a man in all my born days!" exclaimed Mrs. Crimsonbeak to her husband, who had been imposed upon in a purchase she had requested him to make for her. "I never knew you to get anything without being cheated." "What, never?" said Crimsonbeak, sarcastically. "No, never!" emphatically replied Mrs. Crimsonbeak. "Well, I guess you are right. I have always been suspicious of it since the day I was married." And then he opened the window to see how far he'd have to jump to the ground.—*N. Y. Mail.*

—"As usual," said Fogg, "the boys took to ringing my bell last night. I went to the door the first time, to see the young rascals running around the corner. It wasn't long before the bell rang a second time, but they couldn't fool me, twice. So I let the bell ring half a dozen times without answering it. This morning Mrs. F.'s mother dropped in, in a high state of excitement. She said she rang, and rang, last night, and couldn't raise a soul. Under the circumstances, I didn't feel quite so angry with the boys. I was a boy myself once, and you can't blame them for wanting a little fun now and then."—*Boston Transcript.*

A NUMERICAL FAMILY.

How Mrs. Beasley Saved Herself Lots and Lots of Trouble.

"Do you find in Arkansas many queer Christian names?" a gentleman asked of a friend who had just returned from a visit among the hills.

"Yes, for Christian names, or rather in this case 'given' names, for some of them are decidedly unchristian—have, ever been of interest to me. I found, just this side of Bear Wallow, a young fellow named Logdistiller Peterson, and a little farther on I fell in with a gentleman named Allwool Jones. Mr. Allwool Jones was a circuit rider, he informed me, and he asked me to stop at a small log church and hear him preach. I did so and must say that Allwool's sermon was something more than a yard wide. One afternoon I stopped at a house and addressed a young fellow who sat on the fence:

"'Who lives here?'

"'We do.'

"'Yes, but who are we?'

"'Pap, mam an' the rest uv us.'

"Just then a man came out and, as he approached, said: 'Six, git down offen that fence an' he'p Four chop some wood. Stranger, addressing me, 'won't you git down? As I was in much need of rest I dismounted. The man yelled: 'Come here, Seven, an' take the stranger's hoss.'

"I was conducted into the house and in that cordial manner, the peculiar special property of Southern backwoods men, was urged to make myself at home. My host's name was Beasley and was kin to old Hank Bledsoe who lived in Middle Tennessy, near Drake's creek summers. Mrs. Beasley moved a lot of clothes which she had hung in front of the fire, kicked a cat, spanked with a shovel an enormous brindle dog, and told me to feel easy, for she would get a snack to eat after awhile. I had never seen so many children belonging to one family. Look which way I might, I caught sight of dusty faces and tow heads.

"'You have quite a family,' I said to Mr. Beasley.

"'Ruther, but we live in er big neighborhood what we've all got room.'

"'I should think that you would have found some trouble in selecting names for all your children.'

"'I didn't, the ugly. I know that a great many folks have had trouble in that way, an' I was determined to steer clar uv it, so I adopted a rule an' when the fust chile was born we called him One. The next was named Two; the next Three an' so on. Why, it worked like a charm an' we didn't have a bit uv trouble. I would advise ever body to 'dopt the rule. One is married to a sorter slouch uv a woman an' lives down yan on the branch. Two is a hoss trader. All the rest air at home. Three that, turning to a blushing girl, is old enuff to git married. Eight, don't sit so close to the fire, you'll scorch yer britches. Mar, make Nine an' Eleven behave themselves. Twelve, go out now an' rock the cradle fur dad's goin' hear Sixteen cryin'.'

"'Yes, it was a very large family, I said to Mr. Beasley.

"'I don't know how. Mr. Beasley could have managed had he not adopted the numerical system.'—*Arkansaw Traveler.*